

HUMAN LADDER SAVES 40

Max Blanck, a Partner, Tells of Escape with Children.

CLIMBED MEN'S SHOULDERS

They Passed to Roof Adjoining, and Broke Through, Descending to the Street.

Max Blanck who, with Isaac Harris, is a partner in the Triangle Waist Company, which occupied the eighth, ninth and tenth floors of the burning building, told an exciting story last night in Harris' home, No. 324 West 101st street, of his marvelous escape and that of his small daughters, who had gone to his office yesterday afternoon, by means of a human ladder on the roof of the building. Blanck and about forty others were able to save their lives by climbing to the roof of the adjoining building, breaking a skylight there and descending to the street. It was a remarkable escape, and by this only way that remained for those who took advantage of it. The Triangle Waist Company had seven hundred employees distributed over the three floors that it occupied, and many of the panic-stricken employees were already in the elevators ready to descend to the street when Blanck, his children and the forty odd other persons got the alarm, two floors above them. Nothing except the presence of mind of some one in thinking about the little stairway that led to the roof kept the list of victims from being even greater than it is to-day.

It was about 4 o'clock when Blanck's two daughters, Henrietta and Mildred, eleven and five years old, respectively, came from their home, No. 2442 Ocean Parkway, Brooklyn, to their father's office on the tenth floor. They were accompanied by their governess. They asked Blanck to go with them to make some purchases in one of the uptown stores. Blanck suggested that they wait until the closing time, 5 o'clock. Fifteen minutes before that time the whirl of the electric fans was halted, a signal to the employees that they had a quarter of an hour's grace to prepare for their departure for the day.

Wild Scramble for Life.

Perhaps it was ten minutes later when Blanck and his children faced death in hideous form. There was a startled cry of "Fire!" Several girls came rushing up from the eighth floor with the alarm.

"Get out quick as you can!" is about all they were able to say after their wild scramble up the stairs to the tenth floor. Blanck picked up his young child in his arms and ordered the governess to take care of the older girl. The family group, followed by Harris, the other member of the firm, made their hurried way to the elevator door. The car was on the eighth floor, ready to receive a human cargo from the flames. There was no time for it to go up for the others who sought to be saved, and down it went. By this time the exiting group had been joined by some forty employees. At this psychological moment some one suggested the stairway to the roof. There was a rush, but, considering all, it was an orderly hurry that took the waiting group up and on to the roof. There it was found that the roof of the adjoining building was about eight feet above the roof of the burning building. A half dozen of the younger men mounted on one another's shoulders, and soon there was a human ladder in place as stanch and safe as any that the firemen below were using. First Blanck lifted his children to safety. Then came the women of the party. Not a person was as much as scratched in the process. And when the last person had stepped onto the roof, above those already there, reached down and saved the men who had formed the ladder.

Skylight Easily Demolished.

The skylight on the roof to which they had climbed was only a momentary obstacle, for, with a few sturdy kicks, it was sent into fragments, leaving an opening through which the escaping party made their way. Only one of the group was hurt—Harris' hands were burned.

Blanck said last night that his firm had one hundred fire buckets on each of the floors it occupied, but there were no sprinklers, nor had the employees ever had a fire drill. There had been fire escapes in the rear, but only one to a floor. He told of an inspector of either the Fire Department or the Buildings Department making an inspection of the building about eight days ago, but that he never heard any more about it. Blanck could not give the slightest explanation as to how the fire started. He said that the stock of the Triangle Waist Company was valued at \$250,000.

SWANSTROM MEMORIAL MEETING.

The room of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court in the Borough Hall, Brooklyn, was crowded yesterday afternoon, when a memorial meeting was held in honor of J. Edgar Swanstrom, former Borough President. The meeting was presided over by Borough President Alfred E. Peters, who explained that those present had been called together to commemorate Mr. Swanstrom's services as a citizen and an official. Ex-Mayor Seth Low presided.

"The Standard of Proper Style, High Quality and Good Value."

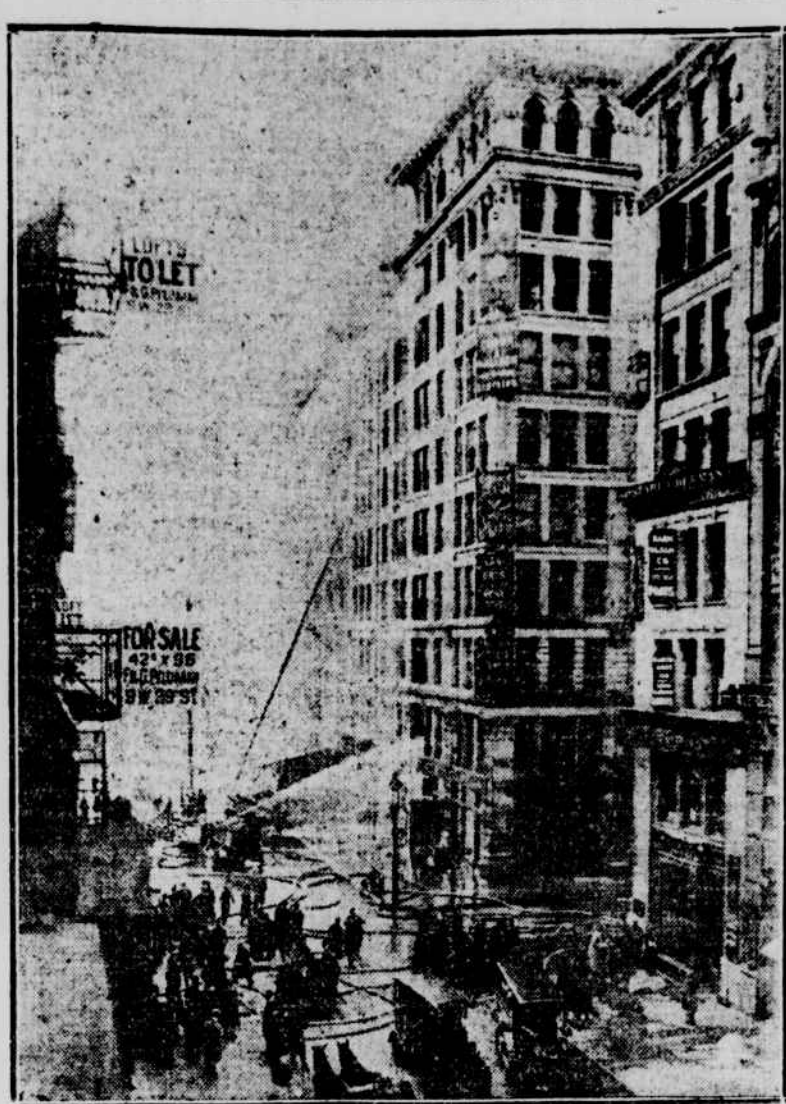
NEW YORK MAKE
HUGHWILLOW
FURNITURE
SINCE 1895

THIS WEEK'S SHOW
IN THE WINDOWS:

A BEDSTEAD, A DIVAN,
A TABLE & SOME CHAIRS;
MADE CRAFTSMAN
NATIVE ASH AND WILLOW,
STAINED NUT BROWN COLOR.

JOSEPH P. McHUGH & CO.
42d St., WEST, at FIFTH AVE.
Opposite New Public Library

Only address Since 1884.
No agents—No branches.
REPAIRS FILLS, CELEBRATED ENGLISH
FEMED FOR GOUT AND RHEUMATISM
SAFE AND RELIABLE AT YOUR DRUGGIST



SCENE OF THE FATAL FIRE.

Firemen fighting the flames in the burning building.

INCIDENTS OF THE FIRE

Strange and Tragic Occurrences That Marked the Disaster.

A. D. Feldstein manufactures hats and caps in the building just in the rear of where the fire occurred. His back windows are three feet above the floor, and from them one can look into the airshaft, the ghastly cul-de-sac of the fire. There is an iron pocket fence between his windows and the airshaft, and hanging on top of it, just after the firemen cut work, Feldstein found the false puff from a woman's head. It must have been torn off as she jumped into the flames below.

"I pulled them in right way," he said, "for even down here burning stuff was falling and coming in the window. Just after we got the shutters closed we heard some one hammering on the outside. We opened the window, and a young man about twenty-one years old staggered in, covered with blood."

Feldstein saw the fire. He was in his store and heard the screams. "It looked to me," he said, "just like a big pile of rubbish coming out of the windows, the girls jumped so fast. A dead man was found just outside one of my back windows."

Found Shoes and Hat in Street.

Lying in the gutter in front of a building in Washington Place was a russet shoe, with all the buttons gone. The heel was half ripped off. It was evident that the girl who had worn it had caught her heel on a wire or projection when falling, and it had been torn from her foot. Not ten feet away was a patent leather Oxford, its laces tied in a knot. Hanging over its edge was a soiled yellow garter. And a little further on was a fur hat trimmed with what had once been a gay red rose. All sorts of personal apparel and trinkets were found on the sidewalks and in the building as well. One fireman found a leather handbag with brass trimmings on the eighth floor. It had a roll of paper money and a gold watch in it.

One of City's Great Disasters.

Chief Croker said that the fire last night could be classed with three other great disasters on the island of Manhattan: the Windsor Hotel fire, where sixty-eight were killed; the Park Place fire, where sixty-seven lost their lives; and the Park Avenue Hotel fire, where more than twenty persons were burned to death. This, of course, does not include the Blooming disaster, the Brooklyn Theatre fire or other terrible events occurring off the island itself.

Saw Girls Crash Through Glass.

"I knew the girls in that building well," said Mrs. L. Goldman, who runs a small delicatessen and kosher shop just half a block north of the burning building in Greene street. "They used to come in here every day for lunch. The horrid screams brought me running out of my store, and, Oh, I saw them falling like rats out of a trap. It began to look like a wash in Washington Place. I am going home to try to sleep, but I don't think I can. I don't believe I'll ever forget it as long as I live."

Croker Saw Bodies Everywhere.

"There could be a repetition of this fire tomorrow night in some places in New York," said Chief Croker. "At a hearing before Borough President McAneny a month or so ago, I said that all factories, office and loft buildings should have outside fire escapes."

"I went up inside the building, and let me tell you, it was a tough sight. Bodies were everywhere, especially around the windows leading to the fire escapes. There were not so many bodies near the staircases."

"This was not what you would call an unusually rapid fire, for all of this kind burn rapidly. By the time that the department arrived, which I should say was about ten minutes after the alarm came in, the fire had obtained great headway. The ladder we had up to the seventh floor was the longest ladder we have."

Girls Crash Through Skylight.

The frenzied girls, jumping with all the strength they could muster, must have shot through the skylight like rockets. All the cellar lights around the building were smashed. They had great gaping holes, with glass bulbs about two inches thick. One skylight at the corner of the building had a hole in it at least six feet wide. It was said that five girls, clumped in one another's arms, smashed through the glass, and one girl plunged through the glass, landing on the American Book Company's establishment just west of the burning building.

Purgers Alarms Keep Ringing.

Like a hollow mackerel, fire or burglar alarm bells were ringing all last night in the gutted building. The wires had been disconnected and the bells rang incessantly.

Curiosity Seekers at Blaze.

The crowd gathered outside the fire lines were mostly curiosity seekers. There seemed to be no relatives of the dead girls among them, and few persons in the throng said they knew any one personally that had worked in the building. This was easily explained, for most of those who had lost friends or relatives were at the morgue seeking to identify the bodies.

Tore Through Firemen's Hats.

The fire was handled in the best manner possible, considering the conditions of panic. Firemen rushed to the windows with their nets right away, but the girls,

PASSING BELL RINGS OUT

Weird Alarm as Bodies of Young Girls Are Lowered to Street.

WORK UNDER SEARCHLIGHT

Crowd Sees Coffins Filled, Then Borne by Patrol Wagons Toward the Morgue.

A broken burglar alarm somewhere up in the hollow building, somehow started into life by a broken wire, rang and rang. Nobody thought to stop it. Nobody thought to investigate. It was the knell of a hundred and a half young girls who yesterday worked on the eighth, ninth and tenth floors of No. 23 Greene street and last night were lowered down from the windows of those floors in black shroudlike bundles.

Nine, 10, 11 o'clock—still the work went on in the ghastly glare which four searchlights, pivoted on two fire engines, shed. Watchers on the ground saw first an almost undistinguishable mass appear in a window, then a pair of helmeted heads behind it, and then the mass slowly descended to the sidewalk, dangle in the cold night breeze. Across the street a pile of rough wooden coffins stood, surrounded by a thin line of patrolmen. Their number diminished gradually as each received a body, which was placed unmarked into the East 58th street Morgue. Now and then another patrol drove up and added to the pile. But still the bodies came down from above.

Over in Washington Square a subdued crowd stared vacantly at the windows. A few youngsters who could not realize the horror of it all directed their attention to the puffing engine, but even they were awed into silence by the feeling that something not quite natural had happened. Here and there a knot of older people gathered closer around one who had a story to tell.

A little woman in a calico dress, with a worried shawl over her head, folded her hands at the level of a somewhat ample waist. "I was just coming home at 5 o'clock," she said. "It was frightful. I shall dream of it for months."

The poor girls were dropping from the windows when I rounded the corner. They did not seem to be able to jump. They just hung in the windows until they could hang no longer, and then they fell. I could not help thinking, 'What if my girl were there?'

The ladders didn't reach up to the fire at all. They arrived just a little after I did, and they only reached up to about the seventh floor. I didn't see anybody taken down by the ladders. But then it wouldn't have done much good if they had reached. They were too late. The whole thing was over in about three minutes. It seemed to me."

Standing by the engine across the street was a young fellow in the blue coat of a fireman. "Oh, I'm just a sub," he said, in reply to a query as to his identity. "Did I see it? Well, I got here on the third alarm with the fire patrol. It's the worst I've ever seen and I've seen some pretty stiff fires, too. They were caught like rats in a trap. There was a stairway all right, but with five or six hundred people on a floor, how could you expect them to get down one stairway?"

"What I can't understand is why they jumped out of the fourth and fifth stories. I suppose they were just scared plain stiff when they saw the fire, both above and below them. When we came up the boys were trying to work the life nets, but what good did it do? Two or three of them would jump at once, and all land in the same place. There were fellows with blankets there, too, and teamsters holding tarpaulins over the sidewalk. I saw several saved that way. But most of them went through."

"I must have seen thirty of those girls jump in Greene street," said a young fellow in the midst of the crowd. "Sometimes they jumped, and sometimes they just seemed to spill out of the window all in a bunch. One girl, though, went clean across the street. I think she dived through glass and all. I know some of

them did, because they were all cut up when they landed. Say, somebody said there was a fire escape around behind. Is that true?"

It was partially. Around on Waverley Place Herman Pohl's thread factory backs up against the building that was burned. Mr. Pohl was there last night, one flight up, straightening out his establishment a bit after the demoralization of the afternoon. He was scorched through by the heat. It was burning down there. Mr. Pohl pointed out of the window into what at first seemed the bottomless crater of a volcano. Smoke and a sickening odor rolled up from a well to which the firemen had not at that time been able to gain access, though the fire was five hours old. "There," said Mr. Pohl, "is the fire escape."

The fire escape, about as narrow as the alley, ended abruptly some twenty feet from the bottom of the well, now barely distinguishable through the smoke. Just below its lowest rung was the skylight of the ground floor of the burned building. All the glass in this skylight was gone, and the wire grating and frame which covered and upheld it were twisted in innumerable ways. Down from the above living fire brands had fallen upon it, and, going through, had set fire to the room underneath. It was into this pit that those who sought safety by the fire escape fell.

From this well, so far as could be determined last night, there was no exit. At both ends were iron gates, locked. So some said, and even had these been passed there were yet buildings to go through. "We let one man out of there," declared Abraham Stromwasser, a boy employed at No. 28 Waverley place, several doors below. "He hammered on the steel window that was closed, and we opened it and let him through."

It was three fellows, Mabeauer and Ray and I, were down in the basement there, handing up pails of water in case this place

caught. We were right under the cellar light, and we could hear the bodies dropping down on top of it like meal bags. I don't know how many there were—we were too excited to count them. But there were many. The fellow we let through was white as a sheet. All he could say was, 'Where's my friend?' We couldn't tell. There was a dead man outside on the grating."

"It was appalling," A. D. Feldstein, employer of the boys, affirmed. "Do you know what gave me the first intimation of the fire? It was the screams of the girls. I have never heard anything like it in my life. I hope I may never again be here in my office when suddenly, calmly, waiting with unaccountable curiosity for the black bundles to swing downward."

Looking up from the sidewalk last night it seemed as if the flames had done their work reasonably or perhaps unreasonably well. Under the bright beam of the searchlights the ceilings of the upper floors looked like those in a still unfinished building—clean, uncovered terra cotta. What the firemen in their search for the charred bodies saw perhaps the crowd of the different streets still gazed vacantly waiting with unaccountable curiosity for the black bundles to swing downward.

A MOVEMENT TO DEPOSE GRUBER.

The Progressive Republicans in the 17th Assembly District made another move yesterday in their campaign to depose Abraham Gruber from the leadership there. To each enrolled Republican they sent a reply postal card asking for an expression of opinion on the continuance of one of the most conspicuous members of the 'old guard,' Abraham Gruber, as leader of the district.

The signers of the communication are Thomas M. Belknap, Willis B. Davis, Miles M. Dawson, Philip R. Dillon, Samuel D. Hannah, Percy McElrath, W. R. Rose and Edward Schmidt.

LINE OF CLOTHS BLAZES

Survivor Tells How He Tries, with Manager, to Quench Flames.

The fearful rapidity with which the fire spread was told by Max Rother, a tailor in the employ of the Triangle Waist Company, who was on the eighth floor of the building when the fire broke out.

Rother was working on the Washington Place side, when he heard the cry of "Fire!" coming from the Greene street side of the loft. Hanging over the heads of the operators at the many machines in the room was a line of cloths, which was blazing. With the manager of the firm, Max Burnstein, he tried to put the fire out with pails of water. It spread too fast, and the rope on which the cloths were hung was burned through, throwing the burning cloths over the heads of several of the operators.

Some of the burning cloths fell on the floor and soon the room was a roaring mass of flames. Rother made for the stairs on the Greene street side of the building and escaped. He did not know what became of Burnstein, the manager.

The bookkeeper, Morris Lewine, who lives in Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, was on the tenth floor. After he heard the cry of "Fire!" he grabbed the books of the company and threw them into the safe. Trying to get to the street by means of the elevator which had stopped running, he was forced to go to the roof. Two girl operators followed him to the roof. There a ladder was found, and Lewine and one of the girls climbed on to an adjoining roof. The other girl had disappeared when he returned for her. It is thought that she jumped from the roof.

Vantine's
The Oriental Store.

Announce

A Rug Sale—Offering Values Extraordinary!!

A number of bales of fine quality Rugs received last week were bought to great advantage by our unrivalled organization in the Orient. We have priced the entire collection for INSTANT sale. Note the unusualness of these values:

Shirvan & Beluchistan Rugs.

Average size 3'6x5'6. \$10.00
Good value at \$18.00.

Cabistan, Daghestan & Beluchistan Rugs.

Average size 3'8x5'8. 16.50
Formerly priced up to \$30.00.

Antique Persian Hall Strips.

Sizes from 3x10 to 3x13 ft. 25.00
Former prices up to \$45.00.

Turkish, Persian and India Carpets.

Sizes 8x10, 9x12 and 10x13 ft. \$69.50
Value up to \$125.00.

Fine Persian, Meshed, Mahal & Gorevan Rugs.

Sizes 7x9, 8x10, 8'6x11, 9x12 ft. 89.50
Formerly \$125.00 and \$150.00.

Fine India and Turkish Carpets.

Sizes 11x14, 12x15, 13x18, 13'6x19. Value up to \$275.00. 150.00

NOTE—Owing to the extremely low prices at which these Rugs are offered none will be sent on approval or C. O. D. Any Rugs purchased for future delivery will be stored free of charge.

Sale continues right through this week. Good selection promised for every day.

We fill special orders for Turkish Carpets. Color designs submitted and Rugs made in exact size and color combinations desired. Ask for details.

Please remember that though the Vantine goods ARE exclusive, though they are the FINEST of the kind, though they do have an INDIVIDUALITY, yet Vantine prices are moderate, as a comparison will always prove. This applies to Oriental Dress Silks, Draperies and Wall Fabrics, to Lamps and Domes, to our Basement Section, containing Canton Furniture, Table Porcelain, Brasses—in short, right through the store.

A. A. Vantine & Co.

877-879 Broadway, New York

Ret. 18th and 19th Sts.

Also Boston and Philadelphia.

Double Z-N Green Trading Stamps With Purchases Before 12 o'Clock



BOTH SIDES OF 6TH AVE. 18TH & 19TH STS.

Greatly Enlarged Silk Store

The Season's Richest and Most Popular Silk Weaves Will Be Found Now and Hereafter Among the Brilliant Assortments Shown in Our New First Floor Silk Store—New York's Very Largest and Very BEST Silk Display.

Black Dress Silks

34-inch Black Satin Duchesse—rich jet black; expressly for capes and beautiful black silk dresses; yard..... \$1.05

35-inch Black Satin Messaline—a very rich, heavy grade; all-pure silk and yarn-dyed; special, a yard..... 85c

36-inch Black Shantung—all-pure silk and an excellent black; very dependable quality; yard..... 75c

40-inch Black Crepe de Chine—bright, silky finish and good heavy quality; special, a yard..... \$1

Colored Silks

Exclusive silk novelties in bordered foulards, bengalines and marquise, changeable and plain marquisette and chiffon cloth, duchesse, poplins, messalines, moire, taffetas, bridal satins, etc., specially priced for Monday.

Crepe Charmeuse, Imported—double width; evening and street tints; \$3.50 quality..... \$2.50

Double-Width Colored Marquisette—every desirable shade, including the new French tints; yard..... 88c

Imported Polka-Dot Foulards—40- and 42-inch..... \$1.10 and \$1.50

18 to 40-inch, Messalines—a yard 50c, 75c, \$1, \$1.25 & \$1.50

A Brilliant Exposition of Trimmed Hats for Easter

Millinery That Is Truly Beautiful. Magnificent Original Creations by the Foremost Modistes of Paris and New York.

Almost every page of every newspaper in these days has at least one fashion advertisement on it. There seems to be a maze of words—everybody claiming superiority. Of course, such a thing is impossible. There can be only ONE leader, ONE best, ONE finest.

We Believe That OUR Exhibit Is Today the Most Varied and the Most Interesting in Any Store in the United States.

We show at least three styles to anybody else, including hundreds of original hats from Paris and thousands made up by our own clever milliners. Prices begin at \$5 and rise to \$7.50, \$10, \$12.50, \$15, \$20, \$25 and up to \$125.

Even if you are "only looking" you will do best if you look HERE; for nowhere else is there so much to see.

(MAIN Building, First Floor.)

Ask for Z-N Green Trading Stamps—We Give Them



KRAKAUER BROS.

ESTABLISHED 1860.

For over 42 years the Krakauer has been the acknowledged choice of the music loving public.

The Krakauer has been selected as the leader of instruments in the contest conducted by the New York Tribune. The Prize Pianos are on exhibition at Broadway and Fifth Ave., and duplicates of the designs can be seen at our other branch warehouses.

Prices of Krakauer Pianos range from \$275.00 upward. Used pianos at great reductions. Other makes range from \$100 upward. Terms made to suit purchaser. Pianos to Rent.

KRAKAUER BROS.

Warehouses 17 East 14th St. Brooklyn—350 Livingston St. Bronx—Express Ave. 136th-127th Sts.

The Long Island Railroad Company ANNOUNCES

GREENPORT AND THE HAMPTONS EXPRESS TRAINS 220 and 20

Commencing April 1st, leaving New York (Pennsylvania Station) 7:30 P.M. for Greenport and the Hamptons.

J. ANDRE, MANUFACTURER AND IMPORTER

ARTISTIC HAIR GOODS

SPECIALIST in hair coloring, hairdressing, Marcel waving, shampooing, manicuring, ANDRE FRENCH HAIR COLORING, 40 WEST 4TH ST., NEW YORK.

HAVE YOU TRIED MY 43 Blend Coffee

It is the best coffee offered in this city. Try it. Call on a Wagner, mailed on request. Tel. 505. Corliss.

L. A. CANNAN, 41 and 43 West 54.